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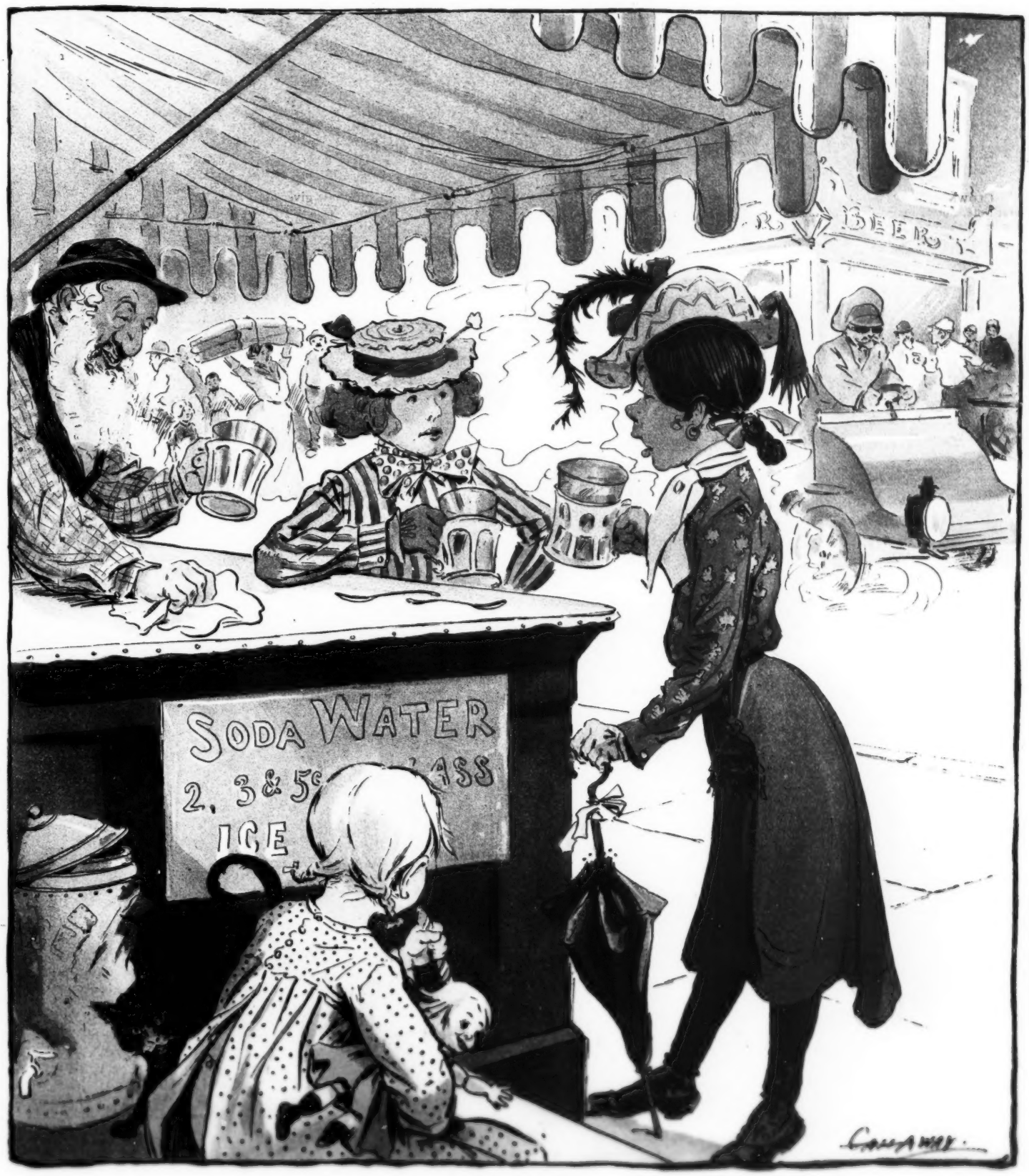


SPECULATIVE.

MAGGIE.—He 's going ter buy me an automobile—dat 's wot!
KATIE.—An automobile, eh?—An' where 's he goin' ter git der dough?
MAGGIE.—Well, he 's goin' ter watch his chance an' git run over by one, an' den sue fer damages!

SOMETHING WORSE.

ROE SHELLE. — Why did Jenks kill his wife's parrot? — Did it take to swearing?

NEWARK BRANCH. — Worse! — It took to imitating the lawn-mower!

A BALLADE OF BAD CITIES.

COME, Cincinnati, rise and say
That you are but a mire of sin;
And Memphis, with your turrets gray,
Get up and make reform within;
Chicago, of the awful din,
And you, Spokane, in frost-work clad,
Forget not when the yarn you spin —
There 's many another just as bad.

O Richmond! Gird unto the fray;
And, Boston, show your cloven fin;
And you, Des Moines, of Ioway,
Blow out your shame on horn of tin;
New Haven, reach and stick a pin
Upon the map of old Bagdad;
And, Mobile, look with pious grin —
There 's many another just as bad.

Make haste, O Nashville! Haste to-day;
Repentance, you, Detroit begin;
And San Francisco on the bay,
Retire at once from ale and gin;
And Baton Rouge, strive yet to win
A color that is good and glad;
But ponder, ere the night set in —
There 's many another just as bad.

ENVOI.

Prince, of the cities grave and gay
Sing this refrain when you are sad,
Here in New York, or on your way —
"There 's many another just as bad!"

J. J. M.

JUSTICE MAY get along with a bandage over her eyes, but she could n't if she had to serve the subpœnas.

OUR PRIMER LESSON.

QUESTION. — What are these?

ANSWER. — Oh! They are just one thing and another.

Q. — Why do they look so serene and unruffled?

A. — Because they have all been condemned and abolished by various double-chinned Women's Societies, and it never touched 'em.

Q. — What useful lesson should we learn from this?

A. — That it is not worth while to play to the Grand Stand unless you are absolutely certain that the Grand Stand is looking.

THE ANNUAL DELUGE.

COBWIGGER. — Do you know, my boy, why the minister's prayers for rain have not been answered?

FREDDY. — I guess God is saving it up for the day when the Sunday-school gives the picnic.

A RUMOR.

"I understand the Anti-Expansionists are to hold a convention about January first."

"For what purpose?"

"Oh! Merely to pass a few New Year's resolutions."

GIVE IT THIRTY DAYS.

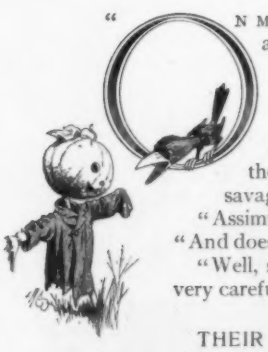
A means of justice we suggest,
Perhaps 't would work, as well;
In case of speeding, why not lock
The auto in a cell?

GOING TOO FAR.

THE ROOSTER. — Really! The way some people exaggerate is perfectly ridiculous; — the idea of anyone supposing that he could be *madder than a wet hen!*

SIZED UP.

ALICE.—What makes you think your new photographs are so horrid?
GLADYS.—All my girl friends ask for one and my male friends don't!



A GROWING SUSPICION.

"ON MY word, I 'm beginning to think this thing is a bluff, and if I was a little hungrier I 'd call it and find out!"

ASSIMILATIVE.

When the Aryans declared in set terms that their purpose was benevolent assimilation, the savages were much struck.

"Assimilation!" exclaimed these simple people. "And does this mean that we shall be fair-skinned, too?"

"Well, skinned, at any rate!" said the Aryans, being very careful not to promise too much.

THEIR MEANS OF SUPPORT.

"Yes," said the bunco man to his companion; "it must be admitted that we depend mainly on agriculture for our subsistence."

QUITE THE REVERSE.

Although he makes a husband good,
It goes without a thought
The tie which binds him to his wife
Is not the one she bought.

AN ADEQUATE SUPPLY.

"Henpeck has given up smoking, eh? That takes a good deal of will power."

"Yes; his wife has it."

PARENTAL ADVICE.

YOUNG MONKEY.—Dad, I 'm going to be the guest of honor at a dinner given by some leaders of the "400" to night.

OLD MONKEY.—Well, for heaven's sake, try to control your feelings! Don't look any more bored than you can possibly help.

ITS SUPERIORITY.

LITTLE IKEY (*who has an inquiring mind*).—Paps, ish it true dot der pen ish mightier than der sword?

OLD SWINDLEBAUM.—Yase, uf gourse! How could a man put his broperty in his vife's name mit a sword?

Conscience makes cowards of us all; but some it richly compensates by making them also ineligible to serve as jurors.

A RECKLESS CULPRIT.

BERTIE *(banished for misbehavior)*.—Don't you think they 'll give us anything to eat, Arthur?
ARTHUR.—I don't know and I don't care!
BERTIE.—O Arthur! How can you talk like that about fruit and cake and ice cream?

LUCIUS QUINTIUS CINCINNATUS.

A HISTORICAL NOVELETTE OF ANCIENT ROME.

I.

"ARE YOU coming in to dinner, Lucius?" inquired the Roman matron, as she stood in the doorway of the cottage. Her figure was still majestic though her hair was iron-gray. Her black eyes flashed somewhat impatiently beneath her sun-bonnet, and her voice, powerful, and not altogether melodious, rang across the fields.

"I 'll be there in a jiffy!" shouted back the horny-handed ex-consul—Cincinnatus, the pride of Rome—the victorious soldier who had returned to his farm and had become so extremely agricultural that bunco men tried to sell him gold bricks whenever he went to town. He wiped his brow with his red bandanna. "I 'd like to plow another furrow," he said to himself; "but when Marcia calls there is nothing but to obey. Anyhow, she has punkin pie for dinner!" And he turned toward the house.

Marcia waited some fifteen or twenty minutes and then, having grown very impatient, went again to the door, muttering in her rich Tuscan dialect, "Drat him! I wonder what 's keeping him all this time?" But no trace of her husband was to be seen.

In the next chapter we shall find out what had become of him.

II.

At the time at which our story opens the Æqui, a people of strong expansionist tendencies, were endeavoring to annex Rome, and things seemed to be going their way. They had defeated the consul Minucius and had his army in a tight spot. In this emer-

A SIMILARITY.

THE PIG.—Thank goodness! Here comes Mabel, at last;—I hear her voice.

gency the Senate resolved to appoint a Dictator and the choice fell on Cincinnatus. The messengers of the Senate found him plowing, or, rather, wiping his forehead with his red bandanna and turning his footsteps in the direction of the pumpkin pie. They explained the situation and Cincinnatus readily accepted the appointment, but requested permission to notify his wife. But the messengers insisted that there was not a moment to lose and Cincinnatus, like a true Roman, acquiesced, though he felt it in his bones that he would have trouble with Marcia later on. The Æqui did n't bother him a bit.

III.

During his journey to Rome he found time to send a message to Marcia. Her reply relieved his mind a great deal. She hoped his story about the Æqui was true, she said, and she would give him the benefit of the doubt, although she could not help thinking of some of the yarns to which she had to listen during her early marital experience. However, there was nothing to do but go ahead and whip the Æqui and be quick about it and be sure and come back home the minute he had done it.

A week later Cincinnatus received another message from Marcia. She could not understand why it took so long to whip the Æqui. As a Roman matron she adjured her husband not to dawdle. She told him there were lots of chores to be done about the farm and she wanted him to hurry up and wallop those Æqui and come home and attend to business.

About a week later another message came. It was very short and to the point. She gave him just three days to annihilate the Æqui and intimated that if he did n't do it within that time and return home forthwith he would hear something drop.

That night he called a council of war to debate the question of an immediate attack. Many of his officers thought it would be more prudent to wait until their preparations were complete, but Cincinnatus said there were private reasons which he was unable to disclose which impelled him to move upon the enemy at once. His subordinates, of course, bowed to this decision. He was the Dictator — anyhow, they thought he was; — nobody but Cincinnatus knew that Marcia was running the show.

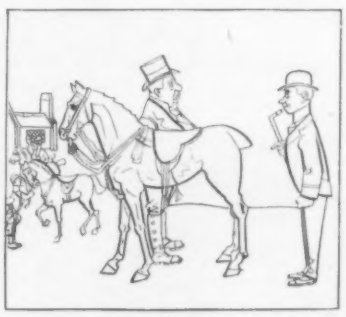
The next day the Æqui were overwhelmingly defeated. The Roman annalists record with admiration that the campaign took only sixteen days. Cincinnatus resigned the Dictatorship in a hurry and went back to the plow. In vain his admirers implored him to remain in public life for the good of the people. Personally he might not have been averse to doing so; but he explained to his intimate friends that Marcia would n't stand for it. Marcia did n't approve of married men going into politics, because it kept them out late at night. Therefore he went back to the woods and thereby covered himself with immortal glory — all by doing exactly what his wife wanted — a shining example to all married men. What would have happened to him if he had done anything else, we can only conjecture.

Wm. E. McKenna.

NO DANGER.

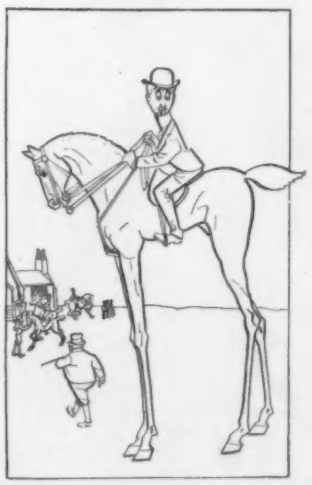
"Do you have trouble with your cooks boiling the coffee too long?"
"Goodness, no! They don't stay long enough for that."

AN ELASTIC RIDE.

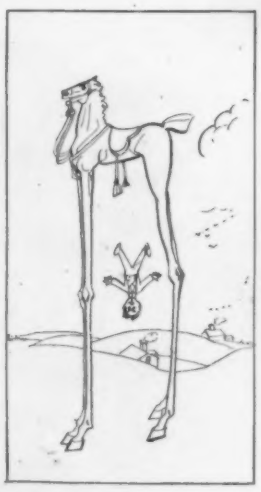


The horse when Algy saw it first.

He who points with pride expects the pointer to receive more attention than the object.



As it seemed when he got on.



When he fell off.

When he took a fence.

When the water jump got under him

When his mount grew kittenish.

Many a theatrical "angel" wishes he could transform himself into an ordinary mortal.

SOCIETY NOTES FROM THE "LONDON TIMES."

The betting is 13 to 5 at present that the Duke of Dedbrooke will not get out of gaol in time to attend the coronation festivities of King Edward's successor. The Duke is "in" for 14 years.

The Baroness Bilk-Biff announces the coming-out party of her accomplished niece, the Hon. Muriel Sponge, to take place at an early date at the fine old country place of the Baroness, "Queensberry Hall." Odds of 3 to 1 are offered that the Baroness has no niece; and 9 to 2 that if she has, she won't have the nerve to bring her out.

Lady Lackdough will signalize the opening of the Fall season with an immense ping-pong dinner to over 200 guests. Betting is brisk at 12 to 7 that the bailiffs will be the first guests to arrive.

Society is at a complete loss to understand why Mr. William Waldorf Astor should have presented a handsome hunting-case watch to old Sir Michael Misspent. At any rate, it is universally predicted that Sir Michael will have the ticker up the spout by Thursday week; and, so far as the betting goes, it 's a case of write your own ticket.

One of the real events of the season, the garden party of the popular Marchioness De Lush, is on for next month. Odds of 100 to 9 against prevail that the Marquis will not be sober enough to appear.

Young Lord Looseends came in for his inheritance late last week, the estate consisting mainly of the title and a kennel of hounds. At the Platypus Club they are making up a pool as to whether he marries an American heiress or a Gaiety Girl.

No doubt Sir Tranby Croft is a fortunate card-player, but you can obtain even money in any Mayfair drawing-room that he possesses more skill at games of chance than he does luck at games of skill.

They are nothing if not original at the Trepanned Club. One of its members recently laid another £4,000 even that a horsefly could fly further than a fly horse could flee. So far as is known the stakeholder has not yet rendered his decision.

Bishop Boldnag is a game old sportsman, and one who can not see that a friendly wager interferes with his standing as a dignitary of the cloth. The Bishop lately offered to bet the Hon. Willoughby Wildrake that the latter would go to Hades when he died; but the Hon. Willoughby declined the wager, even at liberal odds.

The engagement is officially announced of Lady Audrey Axtartar to Lieut. Henny-Henny, of the Lifeguards Green. The odds on 'Change are 23 to 8 that the old Dowager Duchess Axtartar bulldozed Henny-Henny into it; and 17 to 5 is also offered that he will eventually leave the country rather than come up to the scratch.

Will S. Adkins.

AN UNFRIENDLY CRITIC.

"Brush thinks a great deal of himself, does n't he?"

"I should say so. When he paints a landscape he 's afraid he may flatter Nature."

A NEW WRINKLE.

MRS. DRESSER.—I see that Fashion has put her foot on the Panama hat.

MR. DRESSER.—By Jove! That 'll make one more dent in it, won't it?

ECONOMY.

"You and your husband are no longer one?"

"No," sighed the wife. "Two can live so much more cheaply than one, don't you know!"

Which is but to say that Love flies out at the window when Poverty knocks at the door.

REAL MEAN.

SUBBUBS.—You just ought to see my crop of corn! It 's the most promising in all the Lonesomehurst district.

TOWNLEY.—You don't say? If you have more than two messes don't forget me, will you?

A DRAW.

SUMMER BOARDER.—Tell me something to decide a bet. Is that horse of yours older than the wagon?

THE FARMER.—They 're twins.

THE INVALID.

"So Sokeleigh's health is gone, eh? What became of it?"

"He drank it."

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE DEAR DEPARTED ISSUE.

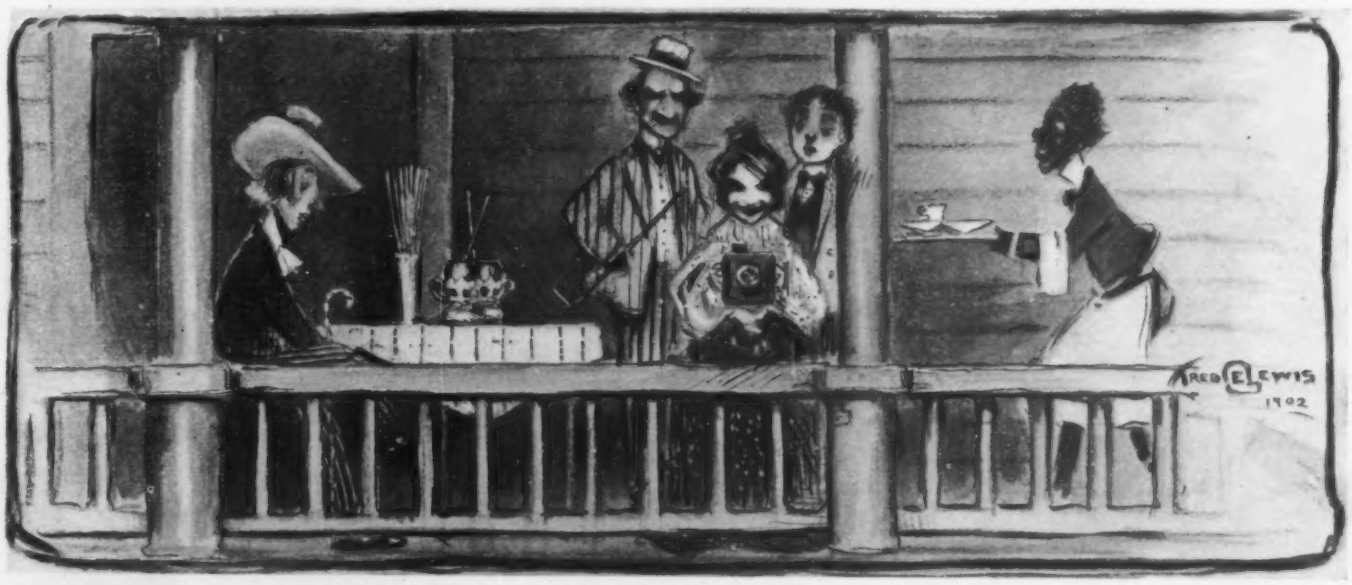
HERE and there throughout the land, assaults on expansion continue to be popular. Despite the cooling influence of time and the onward march of horse-sense, Bryan's pet bogy, Imperialism, is still in partial evidence. Its complete demise, indeed, is scarcely due, political bogies having a reputation for dying hard. Ages from now, whole decades after law, labor and prosperity have followed the flag, we predict that the harsh, unmusical note of the Anti-Imperialist will yet be occasionally heard. Facts will not deter him then any more than facts do now and eventually he will join forces with those who opposed the Louisiana purchase and saw in it plainly the inevitable ruin of the United States. As serious political issues, however, Anti-Expansion and Anti-Imperialism are dead—exceptionally dead. Their rabid friends helped materially to kill them. Calm, unimpassioned opponents of colonial extension have been accorded respect the same as whose who favored it, but for ranting fanatics, men who opposed expansion by attacks on flag, army, president and the government generally, popular opinion has only the severest censure. The public has no relish for such exhibitions of spite. It knows the difference between honest criticism and malicious slander; a distinction which Anti-Imperialists seem unable to draw. Fortunately, the latter, though noisy, wield a waning influence. Thinking men of both political parties recognize a mutual problem and responsibility in our foreign possessions and not a source of protracted strife. Expansion, to them, is no longer a campaign issue. It is, and will remain, a well-established fact. As such, the failure of the Anti-Imperialist to discover it is not, after all, surprising. Facts and the Antis never speak. Theirs is a feud of long standing.

PENNYPACKER, HUMORIST.

WHEN a judge gets off his legal perch, his remarks do not always command courtroom respect. Not long ago we had a shining example in the case of Judge Pennypacker. An eminent warmer of the Pennsylvania bench, His Honor was recently nominated for governor of the state by Senator Matt Quay. Immediately afterward, in an unfortunate moment when the Senator's back was turned, Judge Pennypacker unburdened his mind of the following legal opinion: "Quay is a greater statesman in my estimation than either Clay or Webster." Consternation has reigned in Pennsylvania ever since. We always knew that Quay was something more than common clay, but why drag Webster into it? Why not compare the worthy senator with someone alive? Or can it be that in Judge Pennypacker's hall of fame, none of Quay's contemporaries is his mental and moral equal? Alas, we shall never know, as Senator Quay has ordered his adoring disciple to cease firing. Order or no order, however, a timely precedent has been established; a precedent as firmly intrenched in the public mind as the prize Pennypacker himself. Let New York follow suit, now that Pennsylvania has set the fashion. Washington, Jefferson and Richard Croker! Out in the barn at Lincoln, let the Commoner speak. Moses, Solomon and William Jennings Bryan! Nor should literature fail in the moment of opportunity and inspiration. Shakspere, Milton and Mary MacLane! If Judge Pennypacker's bench decisions are on a par with his political observations, the Pennsylvania bar must enjoy itself in these prosaic days.

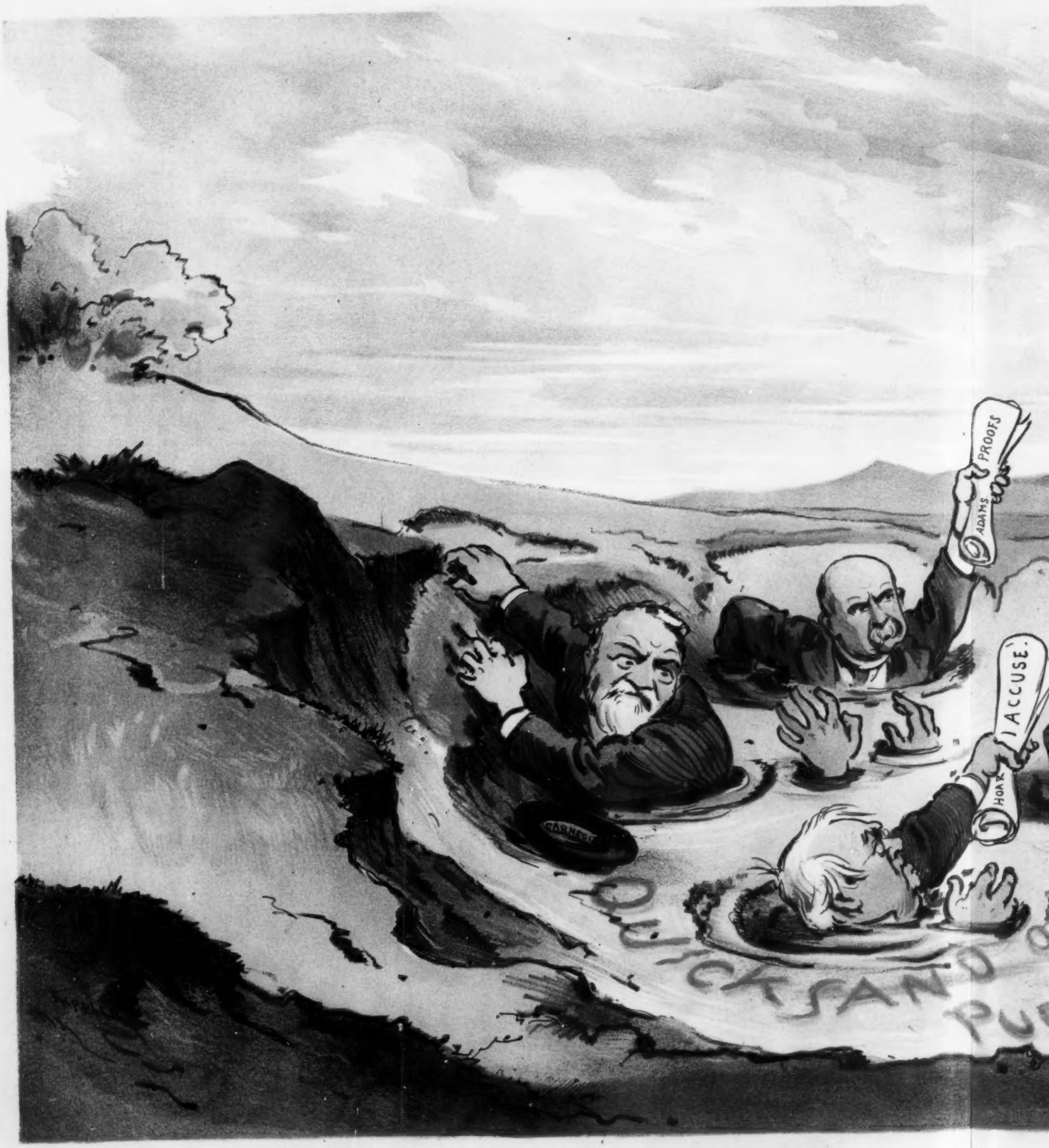
PROTECTION'S NOBLE TASK.

WHAT infant industry in this country is engaged in the manufacture of "Old Masters?" It is certain that somewhere, either in the hills of Kentucky or in the wilds of New Jersey, a powerful painters' monopoly is at work. Otherwise, of what use is the high tariff on precious antiques? The rich American, who buys rare paintings in Europe with the intention of presenting them to art museums at home, is compelled to pay a severe penalty for his rashness in the form of a tariff tax. He must be taught, by harsh means, if necessary, that the industries of this country will brook no interference by foreign competitors and that the Old Masters of the United States demand adequate protection against the invasions of Rembrandt, Titian, Reubens and other representatives of "foreign cheap labor." The finer the collection, the harsher will be the custom house punishment. Americans, in other words, will be encouraged forcibly to patronize home industries when seeking specimens of Old Master skill. Foreign made goods must be kept away from our shores at any cost, even if a thousand men of means are willing to enrich our national art treasury by generous gifts. Here we see the doctrine of protection in its ideal light. No wavering. No tampering. "The tariff must be revised by its friends." Consequently, the Old Master Trust is safe for many years to come. For such assurance, thanks; but is not discrimination being exercised against the Washington Relic Syndicate?



THE ONE EXCEPTION.

"There are some fine views around here."
"Yes, indeed;—and the hotelkeeper does n't charge you anything for photographing them!"



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LAST STAND OF THE ANTI

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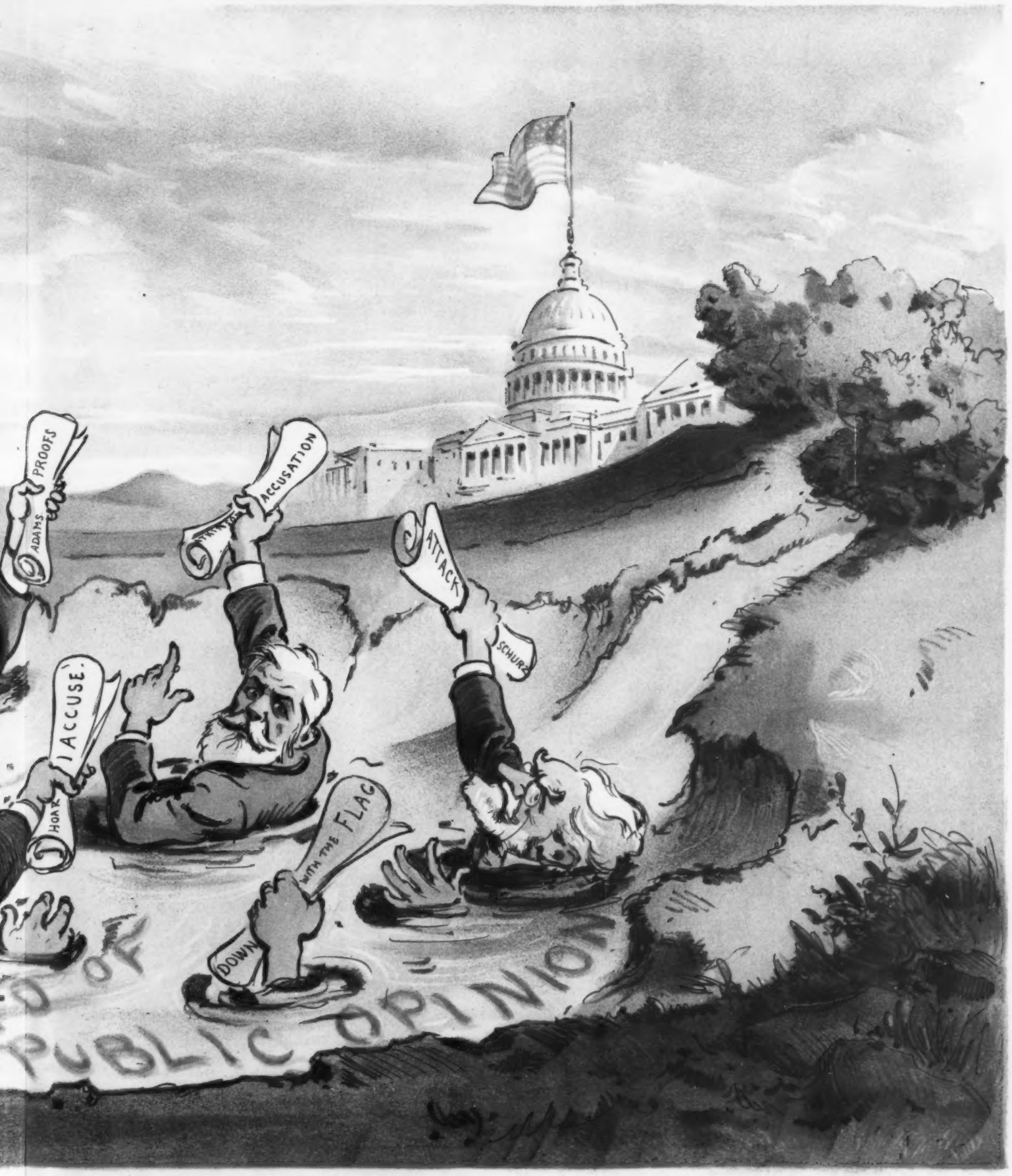

THE ANTI-IMPERIALIST.

APPARENTLY.

THE BULL.—Well, this looks like an opportunity to deal the theory of hypnotism a severe blow!

A SEMI-HISTORICAL POEM.

AH! A lady caged up in an old castle gray
Looked off from the battlements every day—
(I know that the books tell the tale that way,
But I 've no other plan to go on;)—
For a bold brave knight in a suit of mail
That shone with the sheen of a new tin pail
Would come to her rescue ere long, without fail,
And so on and so on and so on.

Now the knight of the castle, the miscreant who
Had 'prisoned the lady (a rough way to woo),
Ah! He was a wicked, bad lot through and through,
Not moral, nor even religious;
While the good White Knight through his virtue won fame
And played to the limit the chivalrous game,
So the lady—of most unpronounceable name—
Expected a battle prodigious.

And here, lest ye think that the writer hath taken
His tale from some tome long by readers forsaken,
All oldtime conventions the fellow hath shaken—
You see modern fashions outcropping;
For the lady looked long from the battlements high,
And ever she prayed that her knight would draw nigh,
But nary a knight met her dewdroppy eye
Save the night that sets all the dews dropping.

Meanwhile the bad knight made his case very strong;
He wooed her with sonnet, he wooed her with song;
And, somehow, he let her find out before long
What a big life insurance he carried.
He 'd a right pleasant way—when the way was his own;
He 'd money—the virtuous duffer had none!
And—well, the poor lady had no chaperon,
So they called in the priest and were married.

Truman Roberts Andrews.

HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

FIRST MOSQUITO *(in New Jersey)*.—Great Malaria! But our enemies are more than pushing the war of extermination, are n't they?

SECOND MOSQUITO.—I should hum! Some hell-roarer has evidently issued orders to make New Jersey a howling wilderness.

THE ONLY ONE.

MADGE.—What 's the prize in the girls' ping-pong tournament?

MARJORIE.—The young man who has just arrived.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL.

JAGGLES.—So the Summer boarders felt they had been buncoed?

WAGGLES.—They did. They cut the half-tone pictures out of the booklet advertising the place and pasted them on the front door of the hotel.

EVIDENTLY NOT.

"Can't you have any fun without crying?"
"I—I ain't having any fun!"

The poker player knows a good thing when he sees it; but, very often, if he knew how good it was, he would n't want to see it.

ELSEWHERE.

MAMA.—Did you ever see such a silly lover?
CLARIBELLE.—Why, no, Mama—that is, not on the stage.

THEIR VINDICTIVELESSNESS.

"A few years ago, when we had a spell of liveliness on us," said the landlord of the Pettyville tavern, a trifle pessimistically, "we tried to get the Insane Asylum located here; but Rustletown beat our best efforts and secured the institution. However, our people are not resentful, and the fact that the asylum did n't come to Pettyville don't prevent some of us Pettyvillains from goin' to the asylum, once in a while."

FOUND WANTING.

This cadet from the shores of the Casco
Proved unable to drink much tabasco;
So, though brave and quite brainy,
To his home back in Maine he
Retired to avoid a fiasco.

FUEL.

Old King Coal was seriously considering the advisability of reducing the fiddlers three to two.

"We've got to economize, somewhere!" said his Majesty, decisively. "With the standard novels selling at thirty-nine cents, there 's no more holding fuel at fancy prices!"

Certainly it was the part of wisdom to look the facts in the face and take measures accordingly.

IKEY'S FIRST EXPERIENCE.

TRISTEIN.—How liddle bresence of mindt beoble sometimes show ad vires!—throwing looging-classes oudt of der vindow, andt garrying pillows down stairs; ain'dt it?

WAXELBAUM.—Yes; ad our vire, Ikey threw a pile of newsbabers oudt of der vindow, andt garried der gerosene gan downstairs andt out into der street!

IN DAYS OF OLD.

HE.—I 've just been at a delightful conversazione.

SHE.—Where?

HE.—At the Tower of Babel.

THE REAL DISEASE.

DOCTOR.—Then you have n't any faith in germs?

PATIENT.—Oh, yes; I believe that to be always looking out for germs is a germ itself.

HIS OPINION.

DAISY MEDDERS *(who is cultured)*.—What do you think of Sir Walter Scott's writings, Mr. Green?

JAY GREEN *(who is not)*.—Well, I guess his Emulsion is about the best thing he ever wrote.

AN UNSETTLED DETAIL.

THE PUGILIST.—I ll whip him, but I dunno in which round.
THE SPORT.—Oh! Have n't you agreed on that point yet?

REALISM is admirable in print or on the stage, but in every-day life it is rather distressing.

SERMONS ON TROUBLE.

Ef dis worl' is a worl' er trouble, I notice dat mighty few people is willin' ter sell out.

De end er de righteous is peace, but he ain't in a hurry ter find peace ef he got ter leave dis worl' without just sendin' fer de doctor.

De rich man got ter go ter heaven thoo de eye er a needle, but de po' man hez ter git in wharever he kin find a crăck in de fence.

Ef dis worl' is a wilderness er woe, de birds is singin' mighty sweet in it.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

SIMILAR SOUNDS.

"Ethel," said Mrs. Subbubs, sternly, "after that young man had said 'good-night' to you on the porch last evening I heard several sounds like kisses!"

"Yes?" replied the girl, demurely. "Oh! I know! What you heard was the noise he made pulling his feet out of the mud as he walked down the path."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

DESPERATION.

MRS. NEWLYWED *(at the tea table)*.—O John! Mama is coming to spend a whole month with us! Er—have some of my angel cake?

MR. DITTO *(recklessly)*.—Yes; give me a large piece of it, dearest. I don't care how soon I die now!—*Baltimore News.*

No better Turkish Cigarette can be made

Egyptian Deities

Cork Tips as well

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

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First-class Round-Trip Tickets Chicago to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo on sale August 1 to 14, August 23 and 24 and August 30 to September 10; $31.50 on other dates; good for return until October 31; correspondingly low rates from other points; favorable stop-over arrangements. Only two nights en route New York to Denver, one night from Chicago by the

"COLORADO SPECIAL."

The best of everything.

ALL AGENTS SELL TICKETS VIA

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN AND UNION PACIFIC RAILWAYS.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore, Md.

GOSSIP.

"May has had no use for archery since she was married."
"No. She hit the mark!"
"Yes;—an easy mark!"

Our sales are enormous and continually on the increase; *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne*. It is the best on the market.

Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, has the call wherever an effective tonic for a run-down system is needed; builds up flesh, and nerve tissue. Druggists.

DOUBTFUL.

"No," said the capitalist, "I shall not invest in your invention. I very seriously question its practicability and its importance."

"For what reason?"

"Because no one has come forward with a claim that you stole it from him."—*Washington Star.*

THE women have great admiration for a man who says he never saved a cent until he got married.—*Atchison Globe.*

"Standard of Highest Merit"

FISCHER PIANOS.

"*The embodiment of tone and art.*"

164 FIFTH AVENUE,

Between 21st and 22nd Streets, New York.

Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Bar Keeper's Friend

A CONDITIONAL PROMISE.

"Now, Willy," said the schoolteacher, "you may write fifty words on Joseph Jefferson, the actor."

"Yes'm," said Conscientious Willy. "I will, Mum, if I c'n get him to stand still long 'nough."—*Baltimore News.*

AN author never feels that his fortune is made until he receives an invitation to dine with his publisher.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A DISTINCT HONOR.

"Well, Silas, I see as how our Senator hez won th' special favor o' th' President."

"Dew tell! How 's thet, Hiram?"

"Why, th' President 's made 'im Persona Non Grata at th' White House. By Gum! I knowed he 'd make his mark."—*Baltimore News.*

FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS OF FRANCE HAVE MANUFACTURED THE WORLD-RENOWNED LIQUEUR KNOWN AS

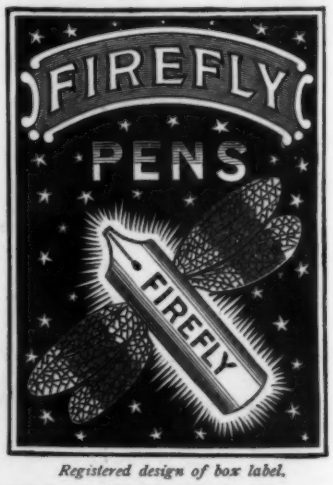
Chartreuse

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

THE ABOVE TRADE-MARK DISTINGUISHES IT FROM ALL OTHER CORDIALS, AS DOES THE FOLLOWING SIGNATURE WHICH APPEARS TWICE ON THE LABEL OF EVERY BOTTLE.

L. Garnier

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés. Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.



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FIREFLY PENS are made of a new incorrodible metal—flexible as gold.

THEY GIVE CHARACTER TO ONE'S WRITING.

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CONTRACTORS TO H. M. GOVERNMENT.

Boxes 25 cts. and $1.00, from all Stationers.

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All kinds of Paper made to order.

THE analysis that destroys is too high a price to pay for our knowledge.—*Ram's Horn.*

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT

Is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. Sold by druggists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and say that you read this in PUCK.

Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using.

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these KEELEY INSTITUTES. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
LEXINGTON, MASS.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
WEST HAVEN, CONN.

HAS IT COME TO THIS?

HAROLD.—Will you get my building blocks, Mama?

BOSTON MAMA.—Which do you wish, Harold, your Greek or Sanscrit blocks?—*Detroit Free Press.*

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Beer is barley-malt and hops---a food and a tonic. Just a touch of alcohol in it.

Not a beverage known to man is more healthful, if the beer is right.

'Tis the national beverage, from childhood up, with the sturdiest peoples of the earth.

To the weak, it's essential; to the strong it is good.

BUT—the beer must be pure.

Impurity means germs, and germs multiply rapidly in any saccharine product like beer.

And the beer must be old.

Age means perfect fermentation. Without it, beer ferments on the stomach, causing biliousness.

Schlitz beer is brewed in absolute cleanliness.

It is cooled in a plate glass room, in filtered air.

Then it is filtered; then aged for months in refrigerating rooms. After it is bottled and sealed every bottle is sterilized.

Not a germ can exist in it.

These costly precautions have made Schlitz the standard for purity wherever beer is known.

You can get it just as well as common beer if you ask for it.

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.

THE HUMAN HOG.

"See here, you," cried the boorish customer; "I 'm after my money's worth all the time. See? So I want you to give me a good thorough hair-cut."

"Yes, sir," replied the intelligent barber; "then you want me to include the bristles on your back?"—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Harper Rye

"On Every Tongue."

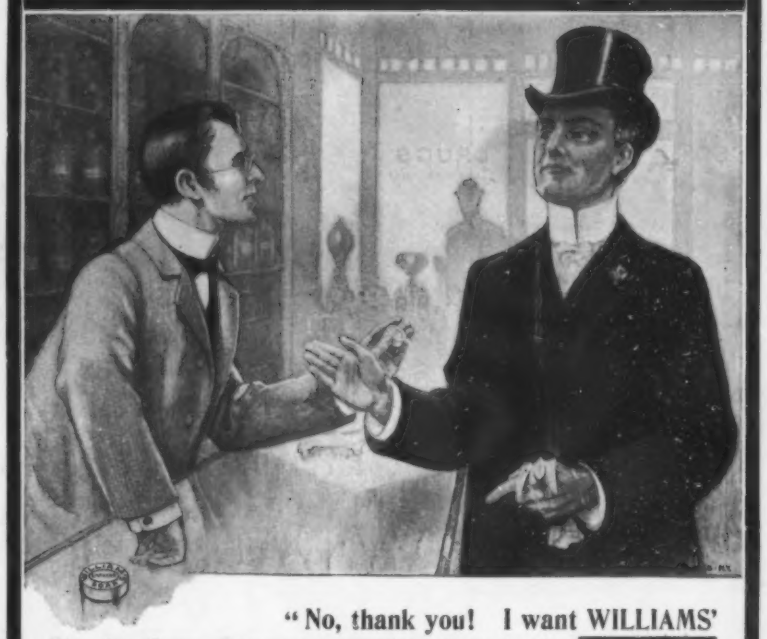
Scientifically distilled; naturally aged; absolutely pure.
Best and safest for all uses.

BERNHEIM BROS., Distillers, - - Louisville, Ky.

BOKER'S BITTERS

in plain or sweetened Carbonic Waters makes a delicious Summer drink.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



"No, thank you! I want WILLIAMS' Shaving Soap. I beg your pardon, there is n't anything else 'just as good.' I have used Williams' Soap all my life and know what I am talking about. O, yes; I 've tried the other kinds, but they were all failures—lather dried quickly, my face smarted, they made shaving a nightmare! Give me Williams' Soap, please; that 's good enough for me."

CAUTION—Don't accept a substitute for Williams' Shaving Soap on which the dealer makes a little more profit. You will not only get an *inferior* soap, but probably also a *smaller cake*, as you will see if you compare it with Williams' Soap.

Williams' Soaps sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, 25c. LUXURY SHAVING TABLET, 25c.
GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP, 10c. SWISS VIOLET SHAVING CREAM, 50c.
WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP (Barbers') 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for toilet.

LONDON PARIS THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn. DRESDEN SYDNEY

AN EXTRAVAGANT PROFESSION.

THE ACTOR.—The price, of course, is low—

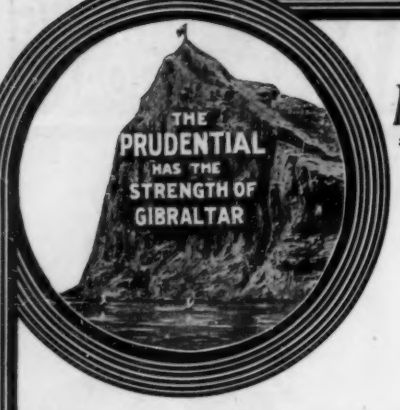
THE FARMER.—Low? Gosh! But I s'pose you actors think nothin' of spendin' a quarter!

Each returning season—every season of the year—brings demand for Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters—the best blood and nerve renewer.

HOW IT amuses people when a doctor gets sick!—*Atchison Globe.*

"I GUESS I 'll get out at this next station and stretch my legs," said the man in the Pullman car.

"All right, sir!" replied the porter. "Our next stop is Chicago. You 'll be able to get 'em extended there all right."—*Yonkers Statesman.*



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if carefully invested. Our Guaranteed Five Per Cent 20-Year Endowment Bonds enable you to draw out money in your life-time.

Twice the Amount of Policy returned if you live 20 years

Write for Particulars, Dept. P

THE PRUDENTIAL

Insurance Company of America

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President HOME OFFICE, Newark, N. J.

THE LATEST REASON.

REPORTER.—What is the object of that big trust you are forming?

MANUFACTURER.—The large number of bank failures last Spring frightened us; that is all.

"U'm! I do not quite catch your meaning."

"Nothing could be plainer. We wish to lower the price of our articles and decrease our profits, so that we won't have so much money in bank to worry about. Don't you see?"—*New York Weekly.*

OR ANYTHING ELSE.

"Your son will be a comfort to you in your old age," remarked the visitor.

"If that boy turns out as he promises," said the father, "I won't have any old age."—*Detroit Free Press.*

1824 A.D.

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS

The World's Best Tonic Imported from Trinidad B.W.I.

22 GOLD MEDALS
LONDON 1862 PHILADELPHIA 1876
VIENNA 1873 CHICAGO 1893
LONDON 1886 BUFFALO 1901
PARIS 1867, 1878, 1900

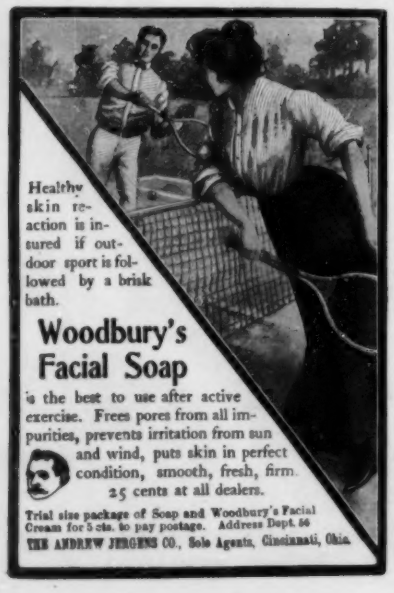
Unrivaled appetizing tonic and stomach corrective, recommended by physicians. A half a wine-glass in sweetened water, soda water or lemonade makes a delightful health-giving drink for ladies and children. A few dashes in pure liquor, sherry or champagne, the epicure's delight. Refuse imitations and cheap substitutes. None genuine except Dr. Siegert's. On the market 70 years. Made only by **DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.**
All Grocers and Druggists.
J. W. WUPPERMANN, Sole Agent, NEW YORK, N. Y.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

WHEN a Young Thing sits down at the piano to play, her mother has a hard time to keep from glaring at those present who continue talking.—*Atchison Globe.*



BACON.—So you believe marriage is a lottery?

EGBERT.—Why, certainly! You can't tell what sort of a cook your wife will prove until you marry her.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A PHILOSOPHICAL VIEW.

"It 'll scare the life out of her."

"She might tell the boss and get us fired."

"Well, may be so; but what 's the good of the job if you can't have some fun out of it?"

BILL.—A skeleton dug up in Texas has an eight-inch jaw.

JILL.—Are any of the Bryan orators missing?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE NEW WALL PAPERS

Made by THE PITTSBURG WALL PAPER COMPANY, New Brighton, Pa., are the best examples of that art and are inexpensive. Book free.

ON BOTH SIDES.

"New York is after the sandwich man."

"I suppose they 're attacking him in front and rear."—*Cleve. Plain Dealer.*

AN UNFORTUNATE HABIT.

"The full dinner pail does n't seem to figure as a political argument among you people."

"No," answered the obstinate Filipino. "For years we have been accustomed to pay attention to nothing except the full water bucket."—*Washington Star.*

ON THE BOAT EXCURSION.

ELEANOR.—Poor Ethel.

EDGAR.—What 's the matter?

ELEANOR.—She would rather dance than eat; and she 's engaged to a man who would rather eat than dance.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CHEW
BEEMAN'S
The Original
Pepsin Gum
Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
ALL OTHERS ARE IMITATIONS.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax our brands would cost double the money. Send for booklet and particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

Evans' Ale

A Brewing above the Ordinary

THE EXASPERATING SOUBRETTE.

"She smiles so sweetly when one sends her a bouquet!"
"Yes! Confound it! No matter who sends it!"

A pure rye, 10 years old, aged by time, not artificially.

Trimble Whiskey Green Label.

Sole Proprietors, WHITE, HENTZ & CO., Phila. & New York. ESTABLISHED 1793.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

every man knows that athletes wear suspensories, because of the protection and increased nerve force they insure. Every athlete and lover of out-door sports knows the value of an

O-P-C suspensory

It retards fatigue and imparts a sense of freedom and buoyancy. Wouldn't it be just as advantageous to you to protect yourself and increase your vitality and capacity for work? Wear an O-P-C and you will know why a suspensory will enable you to accomplish more work with less effort.

We authorize every druggist to refund your money if you are not satisfied.

Get the Right Brand. Should you be unable to get an O-P-C from your druggist, we will supply you, postpaid, upon receipt of price.

No. 2 O-P-C lisle.... $1.00
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"The Struggle for Supremacy"

A booklet giving the reasons why, under the rush and grind of modern life, every healthy, normal man should wear an O-P-C suspensory. IT'S FREE—write for it.

Bauer & Black, 268-25th St., Chicago, U.S.A.

Makers of Frost King and Frost Queen Chamois Vests, Rex Porous Plasters, Blue-Jay Corn and Bunion Plasters.

H&R ARMS CO.'S Bicycle Revolver.

All the latest improvements. $4.50. Hammerless, $5.50. Fully described, as are also our other makes in our descriptive Cata. which we mail FREE. We sell our Revolvers by mail when dealers cannot supply you. Ask your dealer first, please.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO., Dept. 8 Worcester, Mass.

WARM CROWD.

Novelists who seek a name—
Poets with the lyre;
Toiling up the heights of Fame,
With the mercury ten feet higher.
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

OPIUM and Liquor Habit Cured without inconvenience or detention from business. Write THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. I. Lebanon, Ohio.

For Sale - Puck's Originals

In response to the many requests for original drawings of pictures that have appeared in PUCK, the Publishers are now selling them to persons wishing them to use for decorative purposes. These drawings by PUCK'S artists are in various methods,—pen-and-ink, "wash," crayon, pencil, etc. The original drawing is from three to four times as large as the printed reproduction.

PUCK has a large selection of these drawings by his staff artists framed and on exhibition in his own art-gallery, Puck Building, Houston and Elm Streets, where you are cordially invited to inspect them at any time.

The prices will vary. PUCK will gladly quote price on any drawing you may select. Refer us to it by giving page and number of PUCK in which it appeared. Price will include express charges to destination.

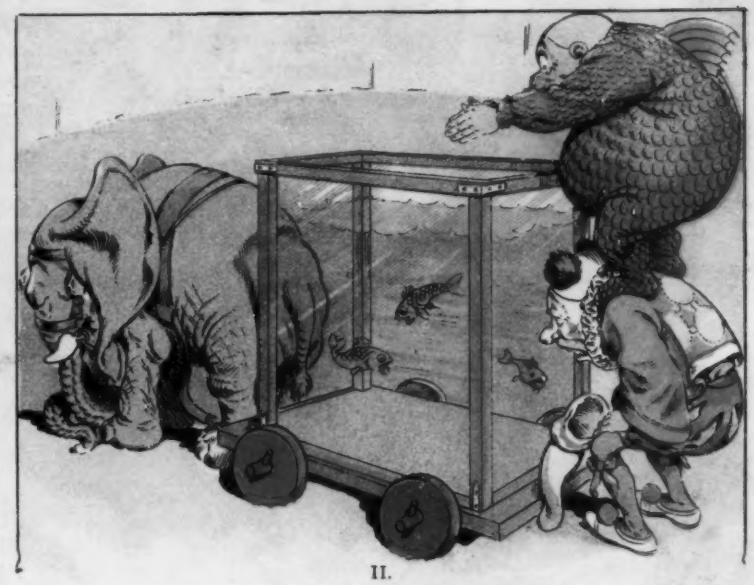
This is an opportunity which many of the admirers of PUCK'S artists have long sought.

"The New York Central Leads the World."—*Leslie's Weekly.*

AUG 27 1902

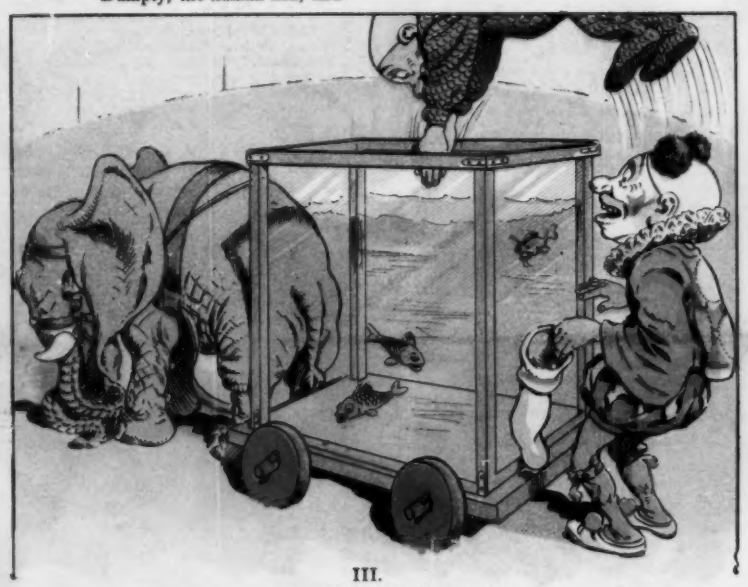
I.

CLOWN.—I have the pleasure of introducing to-night, for the first time, our old friend in a new rôle. Ladies and gents, Humpty Dumpty, the human fish, and—



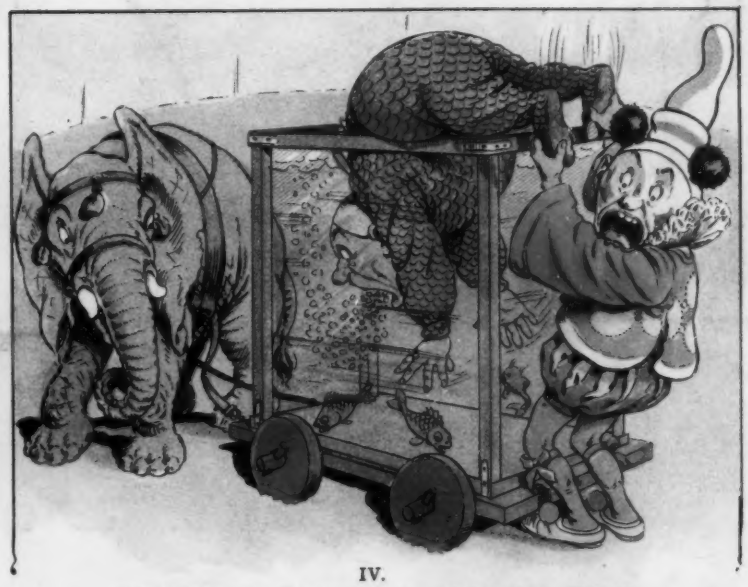
II.

—"He will now give you a demonstration of his marvelous staying qualities, remaining under water indefinitely.



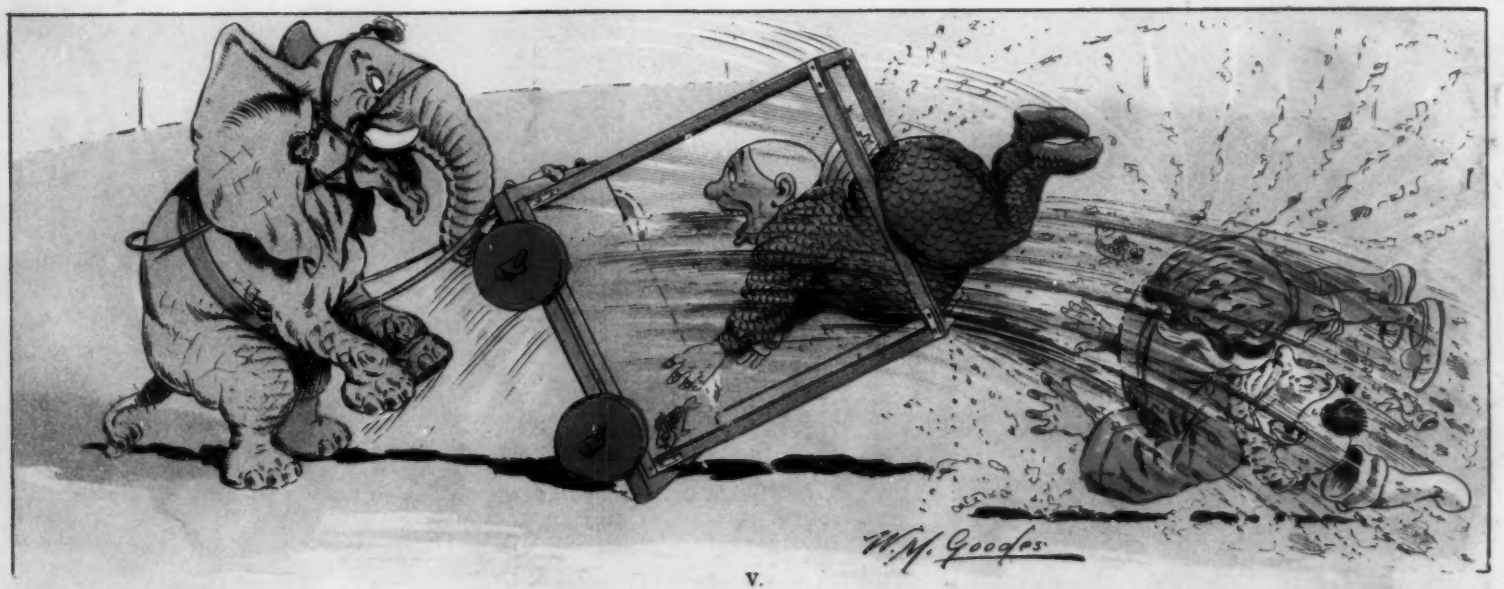
III.

"Beautiful! Exquisite!



IV.

"Good Heavens! He 's wedged fast and drowning! Help!"



V.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.—Thanks, Billy, old man! You 've saved my life!

J. CITMAN'S LITH. CO. N.Y.

A TANK DRAMA.—LITTLE BILLY, THE ELEPHANT, PLAYS A NEW RÔLE.